chest to draw on, they were able to pour withering fire on the defenceless and expensions, almost all of whom were pikenen. I contest was too unequal to, remain long doubt. In a few minutes the island was cle of its invaders, or, at least, of the live ones.

The brave men had not sacrificed themselvin vain. While they were being mawed do without a chance to defend themselvas, the bretbren, under the command of Thomas Ry

FERNS CASTLE.

matt of Kilbride, an aged and respected Cathe-lic farmer, were fording the Slaney some dis-tance further up at a place called Blackstoops, and, although opposed by a number of infantry and cavairy, Synnott succeeded in maintaining himself on the left bank, and finally in forcing his way through the streets of Templeshannon to the bridge.

ELISSA.

The Doom of Zimbabwe,

By H. RIDER HAGGARD.

(Corwright, 1898, by H. Rider Haggard.) CHAPTER XIV.

THE MARLYRDOM OF ISSACHAR, It was done, and from the mouths of the priests and priestesses rose a shrill cry of trinot this servant of the hated Lord of Israel been eaught by the balt of the beauty of a priestess of Paultis, denying and rejecting Him? Was not wil once more triumphant, and must not they tte ministers, relotee?

Again the Shudid raised his wand and they

"You have indeed done well and wisely," he sald addressing Aziel. "Now, take to wife the fiving lady who has chosen you," and he pointed to Elissa, who lay fainting on the ground, "and be happy in her love, sliting in my seat, which heaceforth is yours, as ruler of the priests of El and master of their mysteries, forgetting the follies of your former faith, and spitthe Basilis and chosen of El. Take him, you priests, and with him the divine lady, his wife, earing them in triumph to their high house. What of the Leviter" asked a voice,

The Shadid glanced at Issachar, who all this while had stood like one stricken to the soni, wor stamped upon his face and a stare of horror in his eyes. "Jew," he said, "I had forgotten you; but you also are on your trial, who dared against he law to hold secret meeting with the Lady Baaltis. For this sin the punishment is death. nor would any woman name you busband to eave you from it. Still, in this hour of joy we will be merciful; therefore do as your master Aid, east incense on the altar, saying the appoint ed words, and go your way,"
"Before I make my offering on youder alter

according to your command, I have some words say, O. priest of El," answered Issachar, anietly, but in a voice that chilled the blood of these who heard it. "First, I address myself to you, Aziel, and to you, woman," and he pointed to Elissa, who had risen, and leaned trembling upon her father. "My dream is ful-filled. Aziel, you have sinned indeed, and must hear the appointed punishment of your sin, yet hear a message of mercy spoken through my lips. Because you have sinned through love and pity, your offence is not unto death, yet shall you sorrow for it all your life's days, and in desolation of heart and bitterness of soul shall creep; back; to the feet of Him you have forsworn. Woman, your spirit is noble and your et are set in the way of righteousness, yet through you has this offence come, and therefore your love shall bear no fruit, nor shall the blasphemy of your beloved save your flesh rom doom. Upon the earth there is no hope for you, daughter of Sakon. Set your eyes be-youd it, for there is hope. Where is she who swore our lives away?" and he pointed to Mesa.

Woman, you plotted this that you might succeed to the throne of Baaltis; hear your fate: You shall live to sweep the buts and bear the babes of savages. You, priest," and he pointed to the Shadid, "I read your heart; you design to murder this man whom you greet as your successor, that you may usurp his place, show you yours. It lies in the bellies of the jackals of the desert. You priests and priestesses of El and Baaltis, think of my words, and raise your loud song of triumph to your gods. when you yourselves are their offering, and the red flame of the fire burns you up, all of you save your sins, which are immortal. You citizens of an accursed city, look on the hillton yonder and tell me, what do you see! A sheen of spears, is it not! They draw near to your hearts, citizens of an accursed city, whereof the very name shall be forgotten, and the naked towers but the source of wonder to men unborn. And now, oh, priest, having said my say, as you bid me, I make my offering upon

Then, while they all stood fearful and amazed, Issachar the Levite sprang forward, and, seizing the ancient image of Baaltis, he spat upon it and dashed the priceless thing down upon the altar, where it broke into fragments and was burned with the fire.

"My offering is made," he said; "may He whom I serve accept it. Now, after offering sacriflee, son Aziel, fare you well."

For a few moments a silence of horror and dismay fell upon the assembly as they gazed at shattered and burning fragments of the consecrated image. Then, moved by a common impulse, with curses and yells of fury, the priests and priestesses sprang from their seats and hurled themselves upon Issachar, who stood awalting them with folded arms. They smote him with their ivory rods, they rent and dogs worry a fox of the hills, till the life was beaten out of him and he lay dead. Thus terribly, but yet by such a death of martyrdom as would have chosen, perished Issachar the Levite.

Unarmed though he was, Aziel had sprung to his aid, but Metern and Sakon, knowing that he would but bring about his own destruction, flung themselves upon him and held him back. Whilst he was still struggling with them the end came, and Issachar grew still forever. Then Aziel's strength left him, and presently he

slipped to the ground senseless.

Thereafter it seemed to Aziel that he was plunged in an endless and dreadful dream, and that through its turmoil and shifting visions he could continually see the dreadful death of Issachar and hear his stern accents prophesying se to him who renounces the God of his forefathers to bow the knee to Baal. At length be awoke from that horror-haunted sleep to find himself lying in a strange chamber. It was night and lamps burned in the chamber, and by their light he saw a man whose face he knew mixing a draught in a glass vial. So weak was name; then by slow degrees it came to him.

"Metem, ' he said, "where am If" The Phoenician looked up from his task, smiled, and answered:

"Where you should be, Prince, in your own bouse, the palace of the Shadid. But you must not speak, for you have been ill. Drink this and sleep."

Aziel swallowed the draught, and was instantly overcome by slumber. When he awoke the sun was shining brightly through the window place, and its rays fell upon the shrewd. kindly face of Metem, who was scated on a stool watching him, his chin resting on his hand, Tell me all that has befallen, friend," said

Aziel, "since--" and he shuddered. Since you were married after a new fashion, and that bigoted but most honorable fool. Is sachar, went to his reward. Well, I will when you have cuten," answered Metem, as he gave food. "First," he said presently, "you gave lain here for three days, raving in a fever, nursed by myself and visited by your

fever, nursed by myself and visited by your wife, the Lady Baaltis, whenever she could excape from Fer religious duties—"

"Clissa! Has she been here!"

"Clim yourself, Prince. Certainly she has, and what is more, she will be back soon. Serondly, litholal has been as good as his word, and invests the city with a vast army, cutting of all supplies and possibilities of escape. It is believed that he will try an assault within the next week, which many think will be successful. Thirdly, to avoid that risk it is rumored that the priests and priestesses, at the instance of the council, are discussing the wisdom of giving over to him the person of the daughter of Sakon, on the plea that her election as the Lady Baaltis was brought about by bribers, and is therefore void, as she was not chosen by the unailed will of the goddess."

"hut," said Aziel, "she is my wife, according to their religious law. How, then, can she be given in marriage to another!"

"Nay, Prince, if she is not the Lady Baaltis, your husbandship falls to the ground with the rest, for you are not the Shadia, an office which pershance you can dispense with. But all this priestly jugging means little, the truth being that the city in its terror will throw her as a soo to Ithobal, hoping thereby to appease his race. The Lady Rissa knows her danger—the her she coace to speak for herself."

As he spoke the curtains at the end of the hamber were drawn, and through them cannot wearing upon her brow the golden creacent of the mean.

"How goes it with the Prince, Metami's he

"How goes it with the Prince, Metem?" she ked in her noft voice, glancing anxiously

swered the priestess. "So, lady, do not wait till you are dragged hence like some discovered slave."
"Ay," replied Elissa with a little laugh, "but what if, rather than be thus dishonored, I should choose to break another gate, that of my own life! Look, traitress, here is poison and here is steel, and I swear to you that, should any lay a hand upon me, by one or other of them I will die before their eyes. Then, if you will, bear these bones to Ithobal, and take his thanks for them. Now, begone and give this message to my father and all those who have plotted with him, that since they cannot bribe Ithobal with my beauty, they will do well to be men and to fight him with their swords," and she turned and left them, vanishing into the darkness of the tomb.

Great indeed was the dismay of the councillors of Zimboe and the priests who had, plotted with them when, an hour later. Mesa came, not to deliver Elissa into their hands, but to repeat to them her threats and message. In vain did they appeal to Sakon, who only shook his head and answered:

"Of this I am sure that what my dange to has

toward the couch, which was half-hidden in the shandow of the wall.

"Look for yourself, lady," answered the Phœniclast, bowing before her.

"Elissa, Ellessi," cried aziel, raising himsolf and opening his arms.

She saw and heard, then with a low cry, and swiftly as a swellaw swooding to its neat, she wan to him and was wrapped in his embrace, and thus they stayed, muruuring words of love between their klases.

"Is it your pleasure that I should leave you?" asked Metem, presently. "No! Them. Prince, I would have you remember that you are still weak and should not give way to violent emotions."

"Listen, Aziel," said Elissa, untwining his arms from about her neck, "there is no time for tenderness; moreover, you should show none to one who is still the high priestess of Baalits, although in truth she worships her molonger. It was noble of you indeed to offer incense upon yonder altar that my life might be saved, but when I prayed you not, I spake from the heart, and bitterly, bitterly do I grieve that for my sake you should have stained your soul with such a sin. Moreover, it will avail nothing for the doom of the dead prophet lies upon us and I cannot escape from death, nother can you escape remorse, and as I thin that worst of all desires, the derive for the dead."

"Can we not still flee the city!" saked Aziel. "Metem will tell you that it is immossible: day and night. I am watched and garried; also Ithobal holds Zimboe on irroly a his net that no sparrow could fly out of it and hone that no sparrow could fly out of it and hone that no sparrow could fly out of it and hone that no sparrow could fly out of it and also not be held involute in Zimboe a prace offering to Ithobal. Yes, even my father is in the plot for hinks it his duty to sacred his duwnitors, and there is work to sake the town, if, indeed, it will avail to save the town, if, indeed, it will avail to save it."

"But you are the Baaltis and involute."

"It is the tomb of the high priestesses of Haalts," went on Elissa, "and this day at sunset I hand

"But if so, how can it help you, for they will break in the gates of the place and drag you away!"
"If so, Aziel, they will drag away a corpse, and that they will scarcely care to present to Ithobal. See, in my breast I have hidden poison, and here at my girdle hangs a dagger; are not the two of them enough to make an end of one frail life! Should they dare to touch me, as I shall tell then through the bars, most certainly I shall drink the bane, or use the knife, and when they know it they will leave me unbarmed, trusting to chance to snare me."
"You are bold," murmured Aziel, in admiration, "but self-murder is a sin."
"It is a sin that I will dare, beloved, as in past days I would have dared it for less cause, rather than be given living into the hands of I thobal, for to whatever else I may be false, to you through life and death I will be true."

Now Aziel groaned in his doubt and hitterness of heart, then turning to Metem, asked: "Have you aught to say. Metem?"
"Yes, Prince, two things," answered the Phenician. "First that the Lady Elissa is rash indeed to speak thus openly before me, who might carry her words to the council or the pricets."
"Nay, Metem, Lam not rash, for I know that,

them, when he grew weary of her the war mist come at last.

"For a hundred years," she added, "this storm has gathered, and now it must burst. When it has rolled away it will be known who is master of the land, the ancient city of Ziciboe or Ithobal, king of the tribes,"

So they went back as they had come, and next day at the dawn, with a bold face but heavy hearts, received the messengers of King Ithobal and told them their tale. The messengers heard and lauched.

"We are glad," they answered, "since we who are not in love with the daughter of Sakon desire war and not peace, holding as we do that the time has come when you upstart white men who have usurped the land should be set beneath our heel. Nor do we think that the task, will be difficult for surely we have little to fear from a city whose councillors cannot conquer the will of a single maid."

Then, nithough in their despair the elders offered other girls to Ithobal in marriage as using as he would, and with them a great bribe in money, the envoys took their leave, saying that nothing would avail, since they preferred spear thrusts to gold, for which they had little use, and Ithobal, their King, had fixed his heart on one woman alone.

So with a heavy and foreboding heart the city of Zimboe prepared itself to resist attack, for as they had guessed, when he learned all, the rage of Ithobal was great, nor would be listen to any terms that they could offer, eave one which they had no power to grant; that Elissa should be delivered unharmed into his hands. Councils of war were held, and to these, as soon as he was sufficiently recovered from his sickness, the Prince Aziel was bidden, for he was known to be a skilled general; therefore, though he had been the cause of much of their trouble, they sought his aid. Also, should the struggle be prolonged, they hoped through him to win larger, and perhaps Egypt, 13 their cause. Aziel's counsel was that they should sally out against the army of Ithobal by night, since he expected to attack and not to be attacked, "Nay, Metem, I am not rash, for I know that, although you love gold, you will not betray me."
"You are right, lady, I shall not, for gold would be of little service to me in a city that is about to be taken by storm. Also I hate I thobal, who threatened my life—as you did also, by the way—and will do my best to keep you from his clutches. Now for my second point. It is that I can see little use in all this, because I thobal, being defrauded of you, will attack, and then— Nay, Metem, I am not rash, for I know that,

that fortune will turn, or if it does not, I have no better."

"No more have 1." said Metem. "for at length the oldest fox comes to his last double. I might escape, from this city, or the Prince might escape, or Lady Elissa even might escape, but I am sure that the three of us could not escape together, seeing that within the walls we are twatched, and without them the armies of Ithobal await us. Oh, Prince Aziel, I should have done well to go as I might have done when you and Issachur were taken after that mad meeting in the temple, from which I never looked for anything but ill, but I grow foolish in my old age, and thought that I should like to see the last of you. Well, so far we are all alive, except Issachar, who, although bigoted, was still the nost worthy of us, but how long we shall remain alive I cannot say. Now, our best chance is to defeat Ithobal If we can, and afterward, in the confusion, to escape from Zim-

boe and join our servants, to whom I have sent word to await us in a secret place beyond the first range of bills. If we cannot—why, then we must go a little sooner than we expected to find out who it is that really shapes the destinites of men, and whether or no the sun and moon are the charlots of El and Banitis. But. Prince, you turn pale."

"It is nothing," said Aziel; "bring me some water; the fever still burns in me."

Meten wen, ic seek for water, while Elissa k left by the conch and pressed her lover's hand, "I must stay no longer," she whispered, "and, Aziel, I know not how or when we shall meet again, but my heart is heavy, for, alas! I think that doom draws near me. I have brought much sorrow on you. Aziel, and yet more upon myself, and I have given you nothing, except that most common of all things," he answered, "That most perfect of all things," he answered.

myself, and I have given you nothing, except that most common of all things, a woman's love."

"That most perfect of all things, a woman's love."

"Which I am glad to have lived to win."

"Yes, but not at the price that you have paid for it. I know well what it must have cost you to east that incense on the flame, and I pray to your God, who has become my God, to visit the sin of it on my head and to leave yours unharmed. Aziel! Aziel! woman or spirit, while I have life and memory. I am yours, and yours only; clean-handed I leave you, and if we may moet again in this or in any other world, clean and faithful I shall come to you again. Glad I am to have lived, because in my life! have known you and you have sworn you love me, 'lad shall I be to live again if again I may know you and hear that oath—if not, it is sleep I seek; for life without you to me would be a hell. You grow weak and I must be gone. Farewell, and living or dead, forget me, not; swear it, 'be answered faintly, 'and God grant that I may die for you, not'you for me."

"That is no prayer of mine,' she whispowed; and, bending, she kissed him on the brow, for he was too weak to lift his lips to hers. Then she was gone.

CHAPTER NV. ELISSA TAKES SANCTUABLE

Two hours had gone by and a procession of priestesses might be seen advancing slowly to ward the holy tomb along the narrow road of rock cut in the mountain face. In front of the procession, wearing a black veil over her broidered robes, walked Elissa with downcast eyes and hair unbound in token of grief, while behind her came Mesa and other priestesses bearing the offerings to the dead in bowls of alabaster. food and wine, and lamps of oil and vases filled with perfumes. Behind these again marched the mourners, women who sing a funeral dirge and from time to time broke into a wall of simulated grief. Nor, indeed, was their woe as hollow as might be thought, since from that mountain rath they could see the outposts of the army of Ithobal upon the plain, and note with a shudder of fear the spour heads of his countiess thousands shining in the gorges of the opposing heights. It was not for the dead Baalts that they mourned that day, but for the fate that overshadowed them and their city of gold. "May the curse of all the gods fall on hee!" muttered one of the priestesses as she toiled forward beneath her load of offerings: "Because she is beautiful and pettish we must be put to the spear or become the wives of savares," and she pointed with her chin to Elissa, who walked in front, lost in her own thoughts.

"Have patticase," answered Mesa at her side: "you know the plan—to-night that ground girl and false pricates shall sleep in the camp of Ithobal."

"It seems so," meswered Mesa, with a haugh, "though it is strange that a king should exchange spoil and glory for a round-cyed, this limbed firl who loves his rival. Well, it cus thank the gods that made man foolish and gave us women wit to profit by their folly. If he wants her, let him take her, for few will be the profer by her loss."

"You at least will be richer," said the other woman, "and leave the city in peace!"

"It seems so," neswered Mesa, with a laugh, "hough it is strange that made fall do acrieve to be successed to the city that rose for the combinati

last man. Turning his head with a sigh of donot, Aziel found Meten standing at his side. "Have you seen her?" he asked cazerly. "No. Prince. How could I see her at night when she sits in a tomb like a fox in his burrow? But I have heard her."
"What did she say! Quick, man tell me." "But little, Prince, for the tomb is watched, and I shared not stay there long. She sent you her greetings, and would have you know that her heart will be with you in the battle, and her prayer beseech the throne of heaven for your safety. Also she said that she is well, though it is lonesome there in the grave among the bodies of the dead priestesses of Bualits, whose spirits, as she yow, haunt her dreams, reviling her because she deacerates their sepulchre and has renounced their go.!"
"Lonesome, indeed," said Aziel, with a shadder. "But tell me, Meten, had she no other word?"
"Yes, Prince, but not of good once, for now, as always, she is sure that her doon is at hand, and that you two will meet no more. Still, she basic me tell you that all rour life long her spirit shall companion you, though it be unseen, to receive you at the last on the threshold of the under word."

"If that be so, may it reserve me soon."

of the under world,

Azici turned his head away, and raid presentiv:

"If that be so, may it reserve no soon."

"Have no fear, Prince," answered Metens, with a grim laugh, "look yonder," and be pointed to the advancing hosts.

"These walls are strong, and we shall beat them back," answered Azici.

"Nay, Prince, for strong walls do not avail without strong hearts to guard them, and those of the womanish ettiens of Zhubos and their hired soldlers are white with fear. I tell you that the prophecies of Issachar the Levite, made youler in the temple on the day of sacrifice, and in the hour of his death, have taken hold of the people, and or eating out their valor fulfil themselves. Men hint at them, the women whisper them in the streets, More-one man last night pointed to the slice, at shrighed that in them he saw that fiery sword of down of which the prophet spote, hanging point down-

ings of the gods on the dead priestess. Elisaa, as the Lady Baaitis, unlockedithe gates of brunne with a colden key that huns at her girdle, and the bearers of the bowls of offerings pushed them into the mouth of the tomb, whose threshold they were not allowed to pass. Next, with huwed head and hands crossed upon her breast, Elisas entered the tomb and, locking the bronze gate behind her, took up two of the bowls and vanished with them into its gloomy dopths.

"Why did she lock the gate!" asked a priestess of Mesa. "It is not customary."

"Doubtless because it was her pleasure to do so," answered Mesa sharply, though she also wondered why Elisas had locked the gate.

When an hour was gone by and Elisas had not returned, her wonder turned to fear and doubt.

"Call to the Lady Baaltis," she said, "for her prayers are long, and I fear lest she should have come to harm."

So they called, setting their lips against the bars of the gate, until presently Elisas came and stood before them.

"Why do you disturb me in the holy place?" she asked.

"Lady, because they set the night watch upor the walls," answered Mesa, "and it is time to re-

ward above the city, whereon all present vowed they saw it, too. Another tells how he met the very spirit of issachar stalking through the market place, and that peering into the eyes of the wratth, as in a mirror, he saw a great finne wrapping the temple walls, and by the light of it his own dead bedy.

"This was the priest who struck down the holy man yonder in the place of judgment, Again, when the Lady Mesa did sacrifice last night on behalf of the Basitis who has fled, the child they offered, an infant of six months, rose from the altar after it was dead and cried with the voice of a man that before three suns bad set its blood should be required at their hands. That is the story, and if I do not believe it, this at least is true, that the priestesses fled fast from the secret chamber of death, for I met them as they ran shricking in their terror and tearing their robes. But what need is there to dwell on omens, true or false, when cowards man the walls and the spears of I thobal shine yonder like all the stars of beaven! Prince, I tell you that this ancient city is doomed, and in it, as I fear, we must end our wanderings upon earth."

"So be it, if it must be," answered Aziel, "at the least I will die fighting.
"And I also will die fighting. Prince, not because I love it, but he muse it is better than being butchered in cold blood by a savage with a spear. Oh, why did you ever chance to stumble upon the Lady Elisse making prayer to Bustis and iose your heart to her? That was the beginning of the trouble, which, but for those eyes of hers, would have held off long enough to see us saic in Tyre, though doubtless soon or late it must have come. But see, yonder merches I thobal at the head of his guard. Give me a bow, the flight is long, but perchance I can reach his black heart with an arrow." she asked.

"Lady, because they set the night watch upon the walls," answered Mesa, "and it is time to return to the temple."

"Return, then," said Elissa, "and leave me in peace. What, you cannot, Mesa! Nay, and shail I tell you why! Hecause you have plotted to deliver me this night to those who should lead me as a peace offering to Ithobal, and when you come to been empty-handed they will greet you with hard words. Nay, trouble not to deny it, Masa. I have taken sauctuary in this holy place." nce." Now Mesa pressed her thin lips together and merches libobal at the head of his guard. Vive me n bow, the flight is long, but perchance I can reach his black heart with an arrow. "Save your strength," answered Aziel: "the range is too great, and presently you will have enough of shooting," and beturned to talk to the officers of the guard. answered:

"Those who dare to by hands upon the person of the living Realtis will not shrink from seeking her in the company of her deed sisters."

"I know it, Mesa, but the gates are barred, and here I have food and drink in plenty."

"Gates, however strong, can be broken." answered the priestess. "So, lady, do not wait till you are dragged hence like some discovered slave."

To be concluded next week,

MAILING LETTERS.

Experiences of the Billiopses That Arr. Per-

"I sometimes wonder," said Mr. Billtops, "if the delays'in the mails that we read about are not due to delays in getting the letters started. I don't know that all households are like mine, but I know that sometimes we have the greatest time you ever heard of getting the letters that we have written out of the house; getting them started at all. For instance:
"I wrote a letter the other night to my

prother, stamped it and put it on the shelf in the dining room alongside the clock, where I could scarcely fail to see it in the morning. I was going to take it out with me then, when I went for the paper, which I go for myself in stead of having it left, so as to make sure of getting a breath of fresh air before breakfast, for I can't do without the paper and I am cer-

to them her threats and message. In vain did they appeal to Sakon, who only shook his head and answered:

"Of this I am sure, that what my daughter has threatened that she will certainly do if you force her to the choice. But if you will not believe me, go usk her and satisfy yourselves. I know well what she will answer you, and I hold that this is a judgment upon us, who first made her Baaltis against her will, and now would do sacrilege to her office and violence to herself."

So the leaders of them visited the holy tomb and reasoned with Elissa through the bars, but got no comfort from her, for she spoke with them with the vial of poison in her bosom and the naked dagger in her hand, telling them what she had told Mesa—that they had best give up their plot and fight Inholal like men, seeing that, even if she surrendered herself to them, when he grew weary of her the war must come at last.

"For a hundred years," she added, "this storm has gathered, and now it must burst. When it has rolled away it will be known who is muster of the land, the ancient city of Zigibe in the story of the land, the ancient city of Zigibe in the story of the land, the ancient city of Zigibe in the story of zigibe in the surgest city of Zigibe in the story of zigib tain to go for it rain or shine,
"I thought of the letter when I got up and
later I saw it leaning against the clock on the dining room shelf and thought to myself that I mustn't forget it. Later still, when I had come in with the paper and had been called out to breakfast, I saw as I entered the dining room

breakfast, I saw as I entered the dning room
ny letter leading against the clock on the shelf.
Humph! The minute I had turned my back
on it I had forgotten it entirely.
"Then I tried to get my oldest son to take it
out with him when he went downtown; at 9
o'clock, I took it into his room and propped it
up against a statuette on the top of his bureau
and said:
""Som there's a letter of mine I wish you'd

and said:
"Son, there's a letter of mine I wish you'd post when you go out."
"All right, pop. he says, and I thought it was as good as posted now, because I didn't see how he could fail to see it where I had put it; but after he har gone, walking past his open door, I saw the letter standing there on the bureau, leaning against the statuette. My son had never thought of it again, apparently, from the time he had replied to my request.
"Well, I took the letter back into the dining room and stood it up against the clock again, I imagined the clock ticked faster as I did so, it seemed as though to made it nervous to have

well, I took the letter back hato the dining room and stood it up against the clock again. I imagined the clock ticked faster as I did so, it seemed as though it made it nervous to have the letter around so long. I was going downtown hate that day and I thought I'd get my youngest daughter to take it out with her when she went 12 play and put it in the nearest lampost box. And she said: Yes, papa, but when I went out to luncheon at noon the letter still stood there leaning against the clock.

"Then I made up my mind that something had to be done; that I must surely take that letter out with me when I went in the afternoon and I took it away from the clock once more and into my own room, where I was at work, and stood it on the sill of the window immediately in frant of me; I couldn't possibly overlook it.

"Still later, when I had come up from downtown, and had gone out for dinner, I saw somothing leaning against the clock on the dining room shelf. I picked it up and looked at it, and it was the letter to my brother. I had direct it on the window sill in my room when I went downtown, and Mrs. Billiops, who is the grand general supervisor of the household and looks after everything and everybody in it, had discovered if_there and brought it out and stood it up against the clock in the dining room as being the place from which it would be most likely finally to get started. She was not at all worried at seeing the letter around so much. It was two days getting a letter to my brother wait so long as that. After dinner I marched up to the clock and seized the letter—having previously taken the precaution to put on my hat and overceat, so that I wouldn't have to lay the letter down anywhere—eat carried it triumphantly to the branch look of the olock and seized the letter—having previously taken the precaution to put on my hat and overceat, so that I wouldn't have to lay the letter down anywhere—eat carried it triumphantly to the branch l'ost Office myself and dropped, it gayly through the Night and Sunday Brop, only

and dropped, it gayly through the 'Night and Sunday Drop,' only twenty four hours late.

"Now if the person receiving this letter had measured the time that Uncle Sam took to transmit it from the date thereof, he would have thought that Uncle Sammy was dead slow; whereas, the fact was, in this case at least, that twenty hours of the delay was due to using up that amount of time in getting the letter into the Post Office."

STOP AT THE RED LIGHT.

Mrs. Emerald's Conspicuous and Effective Sig-

The Emeralds moved from Harlem to Bath Beach on "that snowy Monday in February," as Mrs. Emerald puts it. They moved to a pretty little cottage in Blank avenue, at the corner of Blank street, through which latter street run the cars of the Blank line. Blank avenue will be easy for the conduc-

here you must deal with men of my own breed, and we Phonicians are traders, not fighting men-like rats, we fight only when there is no other chance for our lives, nor do we strike the first blow. It is true that there are some good soldiers in the city, but they are foreign mercenaries, and as for the rest, half breeds and freed slaves, they belong as much to lthebal as to Sakon, and are not to be trusted. No, no, let us stay behind our wails, for they were at least built when men were honest, and will not betray us."

Now in Zimboe there were three lines of defences first, that of a single wall built about the huts of the slaves upon the plain, then that of a double wall of stone with a ditch between thrown round the Phonician city, and, lastly, the great fortress temple and the rocky heights above it, guarded by many forts within whose circle the cattle were herded, which, as it was thought, could only be taken with the sword of hunger. On the third uorning after Elissa had barred herself within the tomb Ithobal attacked the native town. Utering their wide battle grees, tens of thousands of his warriors, armed with great spears and shields of ox-hide and wearing creats of pinnes upon their heads, charged down upon the outer wall. Twice they were driven back, but the work was in bad repair and too long to defend, so that at the third rush they flowed over it like lines of marching ants, driving its defenders before them to the inner gates. In this hattle some were killed, but the most of the slaves threw down their arms and went over to Ithobal, who spared them, together with their wives and children.

Through all the night that followed the Generals of Zimboc made ready for the onslaught which most come. Everywhere with the circuit of the inner wall troops were stationed, while the double southern gateway, where Prince Aziel was the Captain in command, was built up with loose blocks of stone. A while before the dawn, lind as the easiern sky grew gray, Aziel, watching from his post above the gate of the wall, tors to remember," said Mr. Emerald complacently, "and I'll always tell them the monent I board the car. Then I can read in peace. So Mr. Emerald, whose business keeps him in the city till after dark, boarded a car on the Tuesday after that snowy Monday in February and told the conductor to let him off at Hlank avenue. In the dark all streets look alike to the avenue. In the dark all streets look alike to the conductor, so he obligingly stopped on the next street but one to Blank avenue, and Mr. Emerald had a healthful little walk to his new home. The next night the conductor took him several blocks beyond his house, and he had to trudge back. Nearly every night the conductor would make a similar mistake, and the consequent noturnal pedestranism began to pall upon Mr. Emerald. He longed for the blood of the man who wrote: "Why pay rent in the city! Own a home in the suburbs."

Emerald. If a longed for the blood of the man who wrote: "Why pay rent in the city! Own a home in the suburbs."

Last week Mrs. Emerald hit upon a plan. The sign of a certain club was on the corner, why not hang a red lantern to that! Mr. Emerald was informed of the scheme and the next night the conductor was instructed to look out for a red light.

Just as Mr. Emerald was beginning to wonder whether or not the light had gone out the car

Just as Mr. Emerald was beginning to wonder whether or not the light had gone out the car came to such a studen standstill as to bring visions of damage suits to the mind of a slumbering lawyer in the corner.

"Good Lord!" said the motorman. "I thought it meant a loose rail."

"Dere's your red lantern," said the conductor, and Mr. Emerald stepped out at his own corner, Just as he put out his land to fake down his signal light he saw the glitter of brass buttons. A policeman was on hand to discover what the inviterious light mean.

"It's nine," stammered the ex-Harlenite.

"It's—it's mine," stammered the ex-Harlemite.

"Oh, it's yours, is it! I was just wondering," replied the policeman.

"My wife putsit out to show me where to get off. It's a good idea, said Mr. Emerald, "There's—there's no faw against it, is there?

"Not that I know of, said the policeman, "Soveral of the neighbors were asking what the trouble was, that's all," and he walked away.

The conductors and motormen have now become familiar with the hanging red light, and Mr. Emerald no longer indulges in enforced midnight vambles.

"There's others onto it now, though," said a motorman, "and Blank street'll soon look like the Brooklyn Bridge at midnight. Then we might make mistakes and stop at the wrong lantern. I don't say we would, but we might, and then where would your scheme be!"

THINGS PEOPLE WORKY OVER. Debt, Perhaps, is the Most Disturbing Thing of Atl. Thinks Mr. Sobbleton.

"Some people worry over one thing, some over auother," said Mr. Nobbleton, "but I think perhaps that more of us are disturbed by debt than by any other one thing. Troublesof one sort and another we 'rastle with pretty well, sort and another we rashle with pretty well, especially the troubles of other people. And we get over a sickness and come around again chipper as birds and laughing before we know it. We can stub our toe, or receive even more serious bodily injuries, and yet recover our natural huoyancy. But debt is the heaviest load of all. A man in debt uses up all his strength carrying the load, and has none left wherewith to get about.

"If I had any young friends just about startwherewith to get about.
"If I had any young friends just about starting out in life I should say to them:
My son, whatever else you do don't get into debt."

THE REVOLUTION OF '98.

The Great Irish Uprising of a Century Ago.

By Valerian Gribayedoff, Author of "The French Invasion of Ireland in '98,"

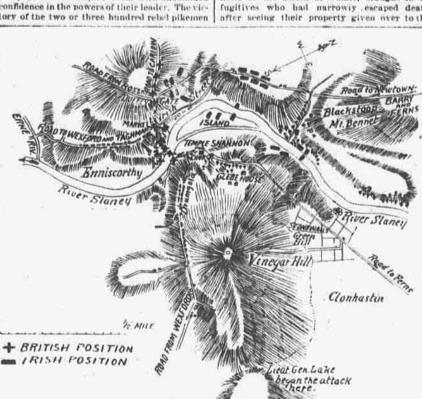
The Taking of Engineeriby by the Insurrent Under the Two Fathers Murphy-Importance of the Town in Wexford-Bisposition of the King's Troops for the Defence-Tactics of the Insurgents-Valor Bisplayed on Both Sides-Vinegar Hill-Final Victory of the Rebels-Their Behavior After the Victory.

The total destruction of a detachment of North ork militia and the dispersion of several squadons of yeomanry cavairy on the slopes of Oulars achievement calculated to arouse the wildest en-thusiasm among the fellowers of the Rev. John Murphy, and to inspire them with unbounded confidence in the powers of their leader. The victory of the two or three hundred rebel pikemen

son of its occupying a bluff commanding the entire neighborhood with the exception of Vinegar Hill, on the opposite and left bank of the Vinegar Hill, however, was curiously enough left entirely unguarded and unforti-fied, although, rising on its northern side, almost perpendicularly from its base, it might have served as an excellent point of vantage for the defence. The Slaney winds in the form of an "S" between the town and the famous hill, and in '98 it was bridged over at one point only, about a stone's throw from the castle. This ancient edifice, dating from the days of the early Saxon conquerors, had been converted into an ordinary jail, and at the time of the events here narrated was crowded almost to suffocation with numbers of wretched peasants and even landbolders of the Catholic faith whom the partisan zeal and activity of such local magistrates as Archibald Hamilton, Jacob Hunter Gowan, and others had consigned to captivity on suspicion of treason.

The first news of the rising reached the au-

porities at Enniscorthy as early as the evening of May 26, when a young Protestant farm girl named Piper rode in at nightfall on horseback with the story of the pillage of her mother's house at Tincurry, four miles distant, and the appearance of armed bands all over the ad jacent country. This intelligence was supplemented soon after, by accounts of hostile acts in other directions, and the following day by the news of the action at Oulart, brought in by fugitives who had narrowly escaped death after seeing their property given over to the



ENNISCORTHY AND VINEGAR HILL

over the disciplined soldiers of the King was | flames, considered by many a direct sign of Divine favor, and when at nightfall the insurgents abandoned their position at the scene of the conflict and started on their march northward their ranks were quickly swollen by accessions from all parts. This murch, it is sad to relate, was marked by the burning of many houses of Protestants, and also by some cases of assault and murder, but the very appearance of the country itself offered ample provocation for such acts of blind revenge. On all sides were risible the traces of the military marauding paries that had applied the torch to every Cathoic homestead on their path, and in the ditches and on the roadways lay the corpses of scores of unfortunate husbandmen and farmers, guilty of the crime of not sharing the religious belief of the "Ascendancy" party."

After encamping all night on the hill of Corrigrae, or Carrigrew, eight miles northeast of Julant, Father John's forces on the morning of May 28 marched2to the village of Camolin, on he right' bank of the Bann, a tributary of the Slaney, and from there, after a short half, to the ancient town of Ferns, seat of the Bishopric of that name. There beneath the shadow before by the cousin of Ireland's first invader, Strongbow, the leader of the insurgent army learned of the retreat of the royal troops occupying the northern and central sections of thy. From the ruins of the Saxon stronghold his eye roamedfover a vast sweep of country, on the north the penrl gray hills of Wicklow, on the west the chain of heights that border Carlow,

tions of war in the hands of private persons, while the commanding officer, Capt. Snowe, while the commanding officer, Capt. Snowe, called upon all able-bodied citizens to present themselves at the military headquarters to organize for defence. This appeal being readily responded to by the Protestants, and two bodies of royal troops meantime arriving from Perns, the defensive force attained by Monday aftermon the respectable flaure of between seven and eight hundred men, of whom almost half were military, that is, North Cork and Scarawalsh infantry men and Enniscorthy cavalry. The enemy being expected to approach from the north, the North Cork, under the immediate command of Capt. Showe, took possession of the bridge, from which both banks of the river for some distance up as well as the small island formed by a tributary of the Slaney could be swent by muskery. The cavalry posted themselves under the cover of the houses leading up to the market place and from there to the Puffrey Gate. This point was the chief bulwark of the defence, since it commanded the parting of the three highways to Newtownbarry. Scollagh Gap, and New Ross, and it was here that the largest force of infantry and armed citizens was concentrated under the command of Capt. Joshua Pounden and his brother, John Pounden, a local Magistrate, each man being provided with many rounds of ammunition and assigned to proper cover. A characteristic incident preceded the beginning of hostilities. A poor creature who wore "a white hat with a trood green band," the emblem of rebellion, and whom, regardless of this fact. Musgrave puts down as a "rebel spy," was seized by the royal outposts in the vicinity of the town, and being found in possession of a "rebel commission, was summarily hanged. This example of itself would called upon all abla-bodied citizens to present marily hanged. This example of itself would have excused almost any act of barbarity on the part of the already engaged followers of Father Murphy. Headed by a certain Edward Roche, mounted on a gray horse and wassing

and, although opposed by a number of infantry and cavalry. Synnott succeeded in maintaining himself on the left bank, and finally in foreign his way through the streets of Templeahannon to the bridge.

The success of the insurgent attack on the Duffrey Gate was insured from the moment that Capi. Snowe withdrew his reinforcements. Having forced the yeomanry to retire within the town limits, the pikemen drove their cattle and horses against the gate's defenders, and under the cover of the stampede broke into the town, a goodly portion of which was already in flames. Hay, who states that each party accused the other of starting the fires in the town, considers that nothing could have been more conductive to the success of the insurgents. Had the military marched out to meet the latter, he thinks, "and given them battle where they might have the advantage of the ditches, their superiority in discipline and firearms might have the advantage of the ditches, their superiority in discipline and firearms might have enabled them to break and dissipate the tunultuary body opposed to them."

Enveloped in smoke and flame, both sides fought on with desperate valor, disputing every food of ground. Irish street and the markes place were taken and retaken several times, half the houses around being laid in ashes. No less bitter was the conflict in Templeshannon, where the brewery became the scene of a hand-to-hand struggle. A loyalist survivor of this episode says of his opponents: "A sinall mumber of them only had firearms, but the pikemen, wonderfully tall, stout, able fellows, fought with their pikes in the most furlous and desperate manner, thrusting at the soldiers, who had much ado to parry with their bay one is after having lired-before they could load again."

After over four hours of fighting, a large proportion of his force being killed or wounded, and the best part of the town in the enemy's hands, or in flames, the gallant commander of the killing surrounded by the insurgents, who were beginning to extend their ways and the second second All In the second of

cers had been induced to tear off their enaulets and every other mark that could distinguish them from the privates, considering themselves in more danger if they were recognized as offi-cers. However, not being attacked, there was sufficient leisure to escort those that accompanied them and who were in such a pitesus plight as to excite on their arrival the hearty commiseration of the inhabitants of Wexford."

Among the loyalists killed during the affack on Emiscorthy was one particularly worthy of mention, one of the few supporters of the Crown who had never used his authority to grind down and oppress the unhappy peasants. The Magistrate John Pounden had indeed distinguished himself by justice and humanity in all his dealings with the unfortunates suspected of treason, and his death was therefore universally deplored. Thomas Cloney, the rebelleader, in his memoirs speaks of John Pounden and his brother, the Captain, in terms of warmest praise. Of the death of the former he says: "He fell like a hero at the head of his finen, who, on losing their beloved and spirited officer, and dispersed."

This hard-fought engagement, which reflects sufficient leisure to escort those that acco

on losing their beloved and spirited officer, thed before the insurgents into the town and dispersed."

This hard-fought engagement, which reflects equal credit on the valor and devotion both of redcoat and "croppy," came near ending in one of those cold-blooded massacres of the kind so frequent during the course of the rebellion. Edward Hay, whose word has never been impeached, is authority for the statement that just previous to the sounding of the retreat a proposal was made to Capt. Showe to put the Catholic prisoners in the castie to put the Catholic prisoners in the castie to death. "But he, like a truly brave man, would not listen to such a diabolical proposal, and rejected it with scorn and abhorrence; notwithstanding which a party went to the castle determined to put all confined therein to death. An ineffectual attempt was made to break open the door, the keeper having forgotten to leave the key, with which he had set off toward Wexford; and this circumstance providentially saved the lives of the prisoners, as it became too dangerous for the vecomen to wait any longer to put their threats into execution."

wait any longer to put their threats into execution.

The Tory, Musgrave, has endeavored to
throw upon the insurgents who captured Enniscerthy the onus of a number of alleged misdeeds, including many murders and outrages
on the persons of loyalist women. A careful
examination of the facts leads to a somewhas
different conclusion. The Protestant Church
of Enniscorthy was wantonly damaged, it is
frue, not burned to the ground, like so many
Catholic places of worship, but merely damaged, and a few individual cases of murder
or assault harred the lustre of the insurgents'
arms on the evening of the battle and the day
following.

or assault harred the lustre of the inargents arms on the evening of the battle and the day following.

As a whole their conduct for the time being was much less reprehensible than might reasonably have been expected when one considers the provocation under which they were smarting and the evil example set before them by their persecutors. And as concerns the illitreatment of the fair sex, there is abundant testimony to show that, in direct contradistinction to their enemies, they distinguished them serves by a most scrupulous respect of the virtue of their female prisoners. But to this subject we will recur at a later period and in its proper place.

Worn out by their long marches of the two previous days and the obstinate battle in which acveral hundreds of their best men had little notes the sustance of the remaining the retreating foe. The fiame and smoke prevented their remaining in the town, so they mathered on the creat and sloves of vinegar Hill, and laid themselves down to respond to the same of that name, which for more than three weeks served as the base of operations and general handquarters of the insurgent army in Westford, and only succumbed at last to an English force as large as the British contingent at the battle of Waterloo.

From the Topeka State Journal.

From the Topeka State Journal.

He was an observing man and was not in the habit of allowing the slightest details of anything or any event to escape his eye. He stood on the depot platform and watched the heavy overland trains pulling out for the West. Each one of them seemed to come nearly to a stop just after pulling out of the de sol.

"Stopping to let same one off!" he asked of a railroad man standing near him.

No. Looks as if they were, doesn't it!" well, that foois lots of people, "said the railroad man. "Some people think they stop to let off some one who stayed on too long, and some think they stop to let off some one who stayed on too long, and some think they stop to let off some one who stayed on too long, and some think they stop to not off a traing. Neither of these reasons is right. All engineers bring their trains to a stop, or mearly so, after pulling out of a terminal station in order to test the air hrakes and see that they are in working order. Most enrichers for these instances rule is that they try the brakes within two inless of the station."



ENNISCORTHY CASTLE.

THE BOOR MARKED BY THE CROSS KEPT THE VEOMEN OUT OF THE BUILDING.

to the south and east the undulating plains and woodlands of Wexford. Everywher, to the limits of the borizon he beheld tall columns of smoke with here and there a glimmer at their base, telling the story of ruin and devastation. He must haveful that the situation demanded prompt action on his part, for he burriedly called a council of war, at which it was/decided to give the enemy no time to recoup, but to follow him at once to Enniscorthy, the most to give the enemy no time to recoup, but to follow him at once to Enniscorthy, the most populous and prosperous town in the county after Wexford. With the accessions of strength already mentioned, the insurgents numbered 7,900 men at this moment, of whom, however. ot more than 500 carried firearns. Another thousand, perbaps, were provided with pikes. The remainder were merely camp followers.

The insurgents resumed their march about 10 o'clock of the forenoon, following a circuit-ous route to Scarawalda Bridge, in order, it is supposed to afford the persants of the surrounding country an opportunity to join them. At a hill called Balliogrell they were greatly cheered by the arrival of Father Michael Murphy with a body of his fullowers who had escaped the massacre of Kilthomas Hill. A second council of war was held, and plans unde

for an immediate attack upon Funiscorthy. Situated in the very heart of county Wexford in the valleyof its shief waterway, the Slaney, this town was a point of some strategic value. its possession meant a certain control of the surrounding country, and also the communications between the northern and southern seetions of the county. The insurgent leaders were therefore justified in believing that the moral effect of its seizure would be such as to rally even the most healtating among the Catho-lies under the banner of rebellion. Given in marriage portion by Stronghow to his sixter, Basilica, in the twelfth century, Ennis-cortby in 1798 still preserved many of its medieval features, among them parts of the an-cient wall and the heavy iron gates which played so important a rôle in the middle ages, and later, during Cromwell's time; also the old costle, which exists to this very day. Early in the spring of '98, fearing a posseule sitack the Government had strengthened the defences of the place, of itself a natural stronghold; by rea-

ing the rebellion, the momentum of the charge of dumb brutes, maddened by the proddings of the pikes, proving almost as effective as a regular attack of disciplined cavalry.

Arriving within a short distance of the Doffrey Gale, the three mounted leaders (probably the two Murphys and Roche) ordered a halt, and with drawn swords were seen to move among their followers and give orders, after which a number of the "gansmen" filed off into the fields to the left and right, with the apparent object of outflanking the town's defenders, These "gansmen" were for the most part fowlers by occupation, and having by long practice acquired a high degree of efficiency in marksmanship, they were able to pick off their foes with uncertag aim. To this day the immediate surroundings of the town are last out in meadow and pasture land, divided by high clay or stone walls, and these served as enser for the assailants, who advanced gradually from one wall to another, while their main division followed the highway. To create a diversion, a body of the Enniscorthy cavalry twice charsed the latter, but being received by the sharpshopter on both flanks they falled to produce the slightest impression.

Finding his situation gree more critical every moment, Capt. Pounden sent a request the commanding officer of the hidge to came to the assistance of the hard pressed defenders of the Duffrey Gate. With this request Cant. Snowe readily completed appearing in person at the head of some infantry and cavalry. He did not remain long, however, and for two good reasons. One was that he found himself placed in such a position as nol to be able to fire at the enemy without endangering the persons of the years without endangering the persons of the years had not remain long, however, and for two good reasons. One was that he found himself placed in such a position as nol to be able to dire at the enemy were already stealing upon him along trish street, and in running the gauntlet of their fire are experienced a loss of a dozen mon and sixteen horse